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EDIVGIA

O I

abundant History of the world

I II

BY REV. Dr. John Wilson

THE WORKS OF JOHN WILSON

Volume 12 of 12

1820-1821



EDIVGIA
BY DR. JOHN WILSON

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NEWSPAPER.

A D V I C E

TO M, when the heat of Battle's over,
Man grows a tame and quiet Lover;
Then Honey-Moon is in the wain,

TO M, when the heat of Battle's over,
Man grows a tame and quiet Lover;
When Honey-Moon is in the wain,

It's Joys cannot return again;

Then Kisses Cold and sapless grow,

And tir'd we are with what we do;

We toil and sweat with endless Pain,

Imaginary Bliss to gain:

(6)

Lock'd to the Oar, like Galley Slaves
In Chains we tug 'gainst Wind and Waves ;
And when we've Row'd the best we can do,
We're recompenc'd with Tongue Strappado.

H D I V D A

My dearest Friend, this is thy Fate,
I saw thee scratch thy thoughtful Pate ;
Cares and Troubles cloud thy Brow,
And bending Hamps thy weakness show ;
Unwonted Pains thy Back haye seiz'd,
And thou'rt grown tir'd with what has pleas'd ;
Dear bought Experience plainly shows,
Pricks and Cankers in thy Nose.

III.

Come, slip thy Matrimonial Fetter,
Unbolt thy Shackle ; hasten hither :
Thy pristine Freedom, now regain
Laugh at thy Folly, and my Pain : [Gest]
With

(2)

With Mirth and Wine let us repair,
Those penive Troubles which we weare bna

... who have it not I flattered P
IV ... my selfe now has wolt
... vengeris do after me

'Tis Cloes only can create, ...
Freedom, Ease, and great Estate :

Can Sorrows quash and give relief,
In pressures both of Care and Grief ;

'Tis Cloes only can defy, ...
All the Nuptiall Slavery ;

Render the Marriage Haber easy,
And with ten thousand Joys can please thee ;

Mirth and Honour still it brings,

'Tis Cloes which creates new Kings ;
It conquers both by Sea and Land,

'Tis Bourdeau makes Lewis Le Grand.

V.

The Soldier, stir'd with Wounds and Blows,
To Quarters of Refreshment goes ;

A 4

Relieves

Relieves each Want, removes each Spleen,
 And fits him for the next Campaign;
 The tallest Frigats must careen,
 Tallow and wash e're Sail again:
 Tackle refit, Sheathing renew,
 Virtual afresh, and so must You;

If when you made your first Attack,
 On Fort Pueell you hurt your Back-sprit,
 Or if your Bow-sprit be decay'd,
 Or Missen split from French del Maid
 Or if your Flag-Staff has a shatter,
 And Ball has pierc'd 'twixt Wind and Water:
 Or if your Prow-fresh Sheathing lack,
 Never careen too near the Dock,
 To some smug private creek repair,
 Whose Storms are husht, and Havens fair;
 Where angry Blasts cannot molest thee,
 Or frowning Billows ere infest thee;

There

There may grow in them soft and fallow'd ivy bish
 For Land gets strength by lying fallow'd till
 A stob or two fled yere eft new br.
 And new sov'le which new mott'ed N

The Galloppers of York shire Breed,
 Renown'd for lovely Shape and Speed ;
 Seldom above three Heats will find, o w finn W
 And yet rub down't at every Precious Loincote w
 But when their foibles Pasterns are, o w finn C
 And Sinews stretch'd some rest requires, o w
 A Winders running will restore them back to T
 The Speed and Strength they had before, o w B

xviii.

Remember, Friend, thou art no Horse,
 Yet doom'd to Ride and endless Courses o K
 Marriage a tedious Race will prove, o K
 It ends with Care and starts with Love, o O
 The Rider suffers in the Course, i' th' mount, o I
 Whilst the Race-Jade is not the worse, o I
 Hard

Hard whipt and Sparre from Night to Morn,
 Like Posts we ride, sometimes with Horn;
 And when the very best we've done,
 We seldom win the Race we've run.

Whilst we bestride the Middle Saddle, in mobility
 We're often Jockey'd out o' th' Saddle by the Beat
 Or if we o'er New-Market Hooch, or Cadeaux Hill
 We tumble into the Ditch; Diecky^g down we fall
 Thro' thick and thin the Bridgeman rides,
 But all the Odds are on the Bridda.

X.

Consider, Friend, thy Course is long,
 Keep up thy Back with Swathers strong,
 Cheer up thy Soul with noble Chari,
 Or Cary-Sot, if thou can't bear it.
 Resume thy Pipe and wanted Freedom,
 If Women frown, Friend, never heed 'em;

When

(xi)

When once they get the upper hand,
 And Female Monarchs beat command,
 Nothing shall that great Power withstand ;
 Keep up thy Soul, thy Courage flow,
 Let Rib its place and distance know ;
 The Woman wears that crooked part,
 Much good may't do her with all my Heart :
 Our Ribs by Nature were design'd
 To guard the Stomach, nor the Mind,
 To hoop in Liver, Lights and Lungs,
 Defend the Heart from Mortal wrongs ;
 From Head they're in due distance plac'd,
 Their true Positions near the Waists :
 Ah ! would they their due Submission know,
 Why Nature rang'd them thus below ;
 That crooked part that downward reaches,
 Durst never struggle for the Breeches.

XII.

Thy Birth-right, Breeches, Lad maintain,
 The proper Garniture of Man.

The

((12))

The Hen-peck't Fool raises my Paffion,

The Scandal of the whole Creation;

The Scorn of Angels, Man's Reverse,

A Woman's Slave, a dismal Curse,

A Scavenger for th' Devil's Arse.

Many bairns o' th' same name of Pitt
Should get Hiel'd, if you be a bold

XIII.

Marriage was not by *Love* design'd,
To enslave the Freedom of Mankind;
To cramp our Liberties and Powers,
And hamper us like Evil-Doers;
Man rules, and shou'd the Sceptre sway,
Whilst the Help-meet ought to obey.

What if a peevish cross-grain Wife
XIV.

Becomes the Settlement of Life:

Or if it be thy Fate to wed,

A W——e unconstant to thy Bed?

A Remedy may soon be had;

112

Send

Send her to *Bristol*, to *Ned Miller*, where he will
 For *Best Virginia*, he'll exchange her summa per
 Two Hogsheads for a lusty Lad,

And thus *Ned* drives an honest Trade :
 Our Chains and Bondage does remove,
 And all th' Incumbrances of Love ;
 Takes off the heavy Clogg of Life,
 The Slut, the Whore, th' impetuous Wife :
 And for this dismal Plague that grieves us,
 Gives us *Tobacco* that relieves us.

XV.

Divine *Tobacco*, which gives ease,
 To all our Pain and Miseries ;
 Composes Thoughts, makes Minds sedate,
 Adds Gravity to Church and State ;
 Courted by Kings and Men of Conscience,
 The Thrones Perfume, the Altars Incense ;

Arch-



Arch-Bishops, Bishops, Priests and Deacons,
 Most Reverently can fire their Beagles; and when
 When Rheums, Gargitis, and Colic agitate
 Doctor Tobacco relieves all their Troubles.
 And like the Magician who removes
 Our Chimeras and Bound **Tobacco** removes
 Vain Hopes, Imaginations of Love;
 Divine **Tobacco**, an Indian God,
 The Courier's Escort, the poor Man's Food,
 In Summer cool, in Winter warm,
 Julep and Cordial for each Harm,
 The mighty Sums thou dost advance,
 Will one Day help to conquer France,
 And import Clares and true Nants.

Divine **Tobacco** which gives Life
 To all the Body and Mind,
 And now, my Friend, it grows Difficult,
 To put an end to this Epistle;
 When **Nant** and **Clover** in one Line
 Inspire the Soul with Thoughts Divine;

Virg.

Nants,

Name, the trusty Nether Heaven brews ; it quenches
 Which Life supports and Age refreshes ; it cures, I
 Removes all Aches, Pains and Stitches ; it endews
 Outward and inward Griefs it reaches ; it dispels
 This great Pestilence by Rate, and quenches
 Adds Safety to the Publick Seas ; it cures and
 This does the aged Lewis nourish,
 By this his Flower De Luce does flourish ;
 It makes his Laurels fresh and gay,
 Adds to his Power Imperial Sway ; it doth
 Conquers both on the Land and River, to baffle him
 Baffles those Forces which we join with the world
 Cou'd Marry bring this Treasure home, I know
 An easie Conquest he'd become ; it doth
 But till that long expected Day, we must pay our toll
 The odd Four Shillings we must pay, up to Lift
 Tax Windows, Candles, Soap, and Salts, and
 Excise the Laws, the Ale and Malt.

XVIII.

And now, my Friend, all Jbys attend thee,
 Pardon this trouble which I send thee ;

Keep

Keep up thy Courage, chearthy Soul; and when
 Love Mak's bawder by night concreoul; All I do is
 What if she het; check Tears, and frownes, avome
 Laugh at her folly; And still ha' done; when O
 Never dry up her Tears with Kistles, sing and T
 The more she cries, the less she pishes; when A

Friend, when you have a vacas Leisure, abba
 And would enjoy a solid Pleasure; Cuidness of
 Shake off thy Collar and thy Fetters, dont selfe g
 None lyke inaylous Thieves and Debtors; when
 Come, take a Bottle, never fear, no Cries in a
 I'll ease thy Thought, remove thy Care; when E
 I'll Lectures read of Mirth and Freedom, The o
 That I do the good, if thou wilt heed em; when T



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